Manaria's Revenge, Korra's Surrender, Asami's Bold Choice, and a Relationship on the Rocks

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Manaria's Revenge, Korra's Surrender, Asami's Bold Choice, and a Relationship on the Rocks

by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

Korra and Asami had finished recovering from a strange experience with a devious tomboyish princess named Manaria Sousse, who Korra had beaten in a battle, despite the princess using her spell breaker and dominator spells, two of the most powerful magic attacks she knew. Afterward, she tried to push Korra and Asami apart from one another. Both women were wholly convinced they had moved past it all. However, in what seems like a dream at first, Manaria ensnares these two women in her web-of-sorts, through her conniving ways, working her methods to subtly force them to be with her and *no one else*. These experiences lead to tensions between Korra and Asami, as distrust, and trauma from what Manaria did with them, seeps into their minds, forcing them to rethink what they mean to each other and whether they should be together at all...

Notes

Happy May 12th! Today is International Nurses Day.

When I recently posted the rewrite/expansion of "I Won't Let You Dominate Me!" on Squidge World, with the original version listed in the inspirations section, I saw a Korrasami-themed prompt on a certain site, with the focus to be on "trauma interfering with the relationship" between Korra and Asami. This fic **fulfills** that prompt. It further serves as a continuation of the aforementioned "I Won't Let You Dominate Me!: Determined Korra, the Devious Tomboyish Princess, and Angry Asami" fic as well. I started writing this story on March 16th, but finished it on March 25th, reading over the entire story prior to publication. For the purpose of this fic, Manaria is aged up from age 17 to age 18, which makes sense since she is certainly age 18 by the end of I'm in Love with the Villainess. I will say that this story is not for the faint of heart.

The ages of Korra and Asami did not need to be changed because by the end of the series, Korra is 21 and Asami is 22. Specifically, the trauma that Korra and Asami experience first comes from Manaria's behavior toward them, which resembles many characteristics of love bombing, which comes with a level of "trauma bonding" as a result. Adding to this is further trauma from Asami's "bold choice" at the end of the story and what happens to Korra at that point (no spoilers for that). In a certain way, this story sets the stage for a possible continuation if I ever want to write that story. Who knows, I might do so in the future. As a warning, this fic is very intense. If there are any warnings I missed, please let me know in the comments.

This fic has also been cross-posted on Squidge World, Adult Fanfiction (where it is chapter 2 with chapter 1 as "I Won't Let You Dominate Me!: Determined Korra, the Devious Tomboyish Princess, and Angry Asami") and Asian Fanfiction (where it is chapter 2). A copy of this fic is also available on the Internet Archive.

As always, comments and concrit is completely welcome.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by I Won't Let You Dominate Me!: Korra, the Tomboyish Princess, and Steamy Asami by lefemmerouge2

It had been over a week since Korra had fought Manaria Sousse in an arena, a woman she had defeated in a magic fight. With help from her girlfriend, Asami Sato, she had told off this flirtatious tomboyish princess. She had claimed to Asami that she had *not* flirted with Manaria. In reality she *had* flirted with her, after winning when she declared that the princess looked better "bound and gagged" as a way of throwing her off. Both Korra and Asami strongly believed that this was all a dream and that neither one of them had ever met Manaria at all. However, after Korra realized she had bruises across her body for reasons she couldn't explain, Asami was concerned that some magic trickery was going on. They even talked to Tenzin on Air Temple Island about it. He couldn't figure it out either, but said that if they needed any help, he'd be there for her, and Asami. He had easily accepted their relationship without an issue.

Everything seemed fine. That night, it changed. Korra found herself back in the same town where she had fought Manaria, in the kingdom of Sousse. It was very distinctive. She couldn't tell whether it was a dream, or if it was actually real. So she was cautious. People looked at her strangely. She wasn't sure why. She looked down at her clothes in shock. She was in a short, and tight, flowery blue dress. She had no idea why in the world she was wearing something like this. She'd never pick it out for herself. Something seemed off. It didn't feel right. Just then, she saw someone with blond hair, which was shining brightly in the sunlight. The woman grabbed her hand and brought her inside a nearby pub. Everything happened so quickly. Before she knew it, she was sitting at a table with this woman. She was wearing a hood to disguise her identity. The woman shook her finger. "You can't be out there on the street like that, miss. Especially not a beauty like yourself." Korra nearly blushed. Her face was getting warm. What was going on? Who was this person anyway? She somehow seemed *familiar*. She couldn't exactly place it. She smiled. "Thanks for saying that. I'm Korra by the way. What's your name?" The woman refused to answer her direct question. This made Korra wary.

"I'll tell you in time. It isn't safe here. I'll tell you back at my place. It is a bit too noisy here." Korra wanted to say something, but the woman swept her up like a princess, causing her to be completely embarrassed and lose her composure. What in the world was happening? She was in such shock that she didn't know what to say. She soon found herself sitting at a small wooden table inside a cottage. The woman handed her a glass of water. All of this seemed real. Maybe it wasn't a dream after all. She slammed her fist down on the table. "Okay, are you gonna tell me who you are, or what?" The woman cackled. It sounded familiar to her somehow.

"Oh, Miss, I thought I'd never see you again. Such a bella donna like you is *a dime a dozen*. I couldn't let someone else take you." Korra wasn't sure what she meant by that, but these words made her feel important, desired, secure, and safe, while raising her self-esteem. She wanted to speak more, but this woman wouldn't stop. She had a goal in mind and she'd do whatever she could to achieve it. "You look *so pretty and dashing* in that blue dress. I never thought I'd see someone wearing something so bold in a town like this." Korra felt a little uncomfortable about all of this. She didn't like where this was going. This excessive praise and flattery for someone she had just met seemed weird. She tried to push it off. "Thank you

for the kind words, Miss, but I have a girlfriend, you know." This made the woman clench her teeth. She nearly snarled. She only said, "now, don't be ungrateful now. That isn't proper."

Korra quickly drank her water and started to make her way to the door. She tried to put on a good face. She *needed* to get out of there. The woman not only wanted constant reassurance that she was loved and worthy, but to pull Korra into her web. "I must be going now. I appreciate all you have done, but I don't want to take up too much of your time." The woman stopped her by moving her arm in front of her and slamming it against a nearby stone wall. She couldn't take much more of this. "Oh, you aren't bothering me, miss. Why don't you *stay around*? We can talk some more." Korra refused to agree to that. She couldn't get so close to a woman like this. She had such a sweet girlfriend at home. She looked into the woman's brown eyes fiercely. She wouldn't be giving up. The woman sighed. She didn't want to have to do this but she felt she had no choice. She brought her face close and smooched Korra on the mouth, catching her by surprise.

She tried to get out of it, but the woman's tongue went deep into her mouth. Her hands were holding her face in place. She continued this for at least five minutes. After she finished and pulled away, Korra was in such a daze. What in the world had just happened? "What the hell did you do that for? *Who are you?*" she demanded. The woman pulled back her hood. She finally revealed who she was: Manaria Sousse. Korra wasn't surprised, but this made her even angrier. She had let her guard down too much around this damn woman. She was prepared to use her Avatar powers to blow her to kingdom come. What she didn't expect was what this woman did next.

"Oh, Miss Korra. You are *so cute* when you are angry. I'd just like to play with you." Korra wouldn't put up with this. She prepared herself to attack but something stopped her in her tracks. Manaria was dancing her finger around her special place of desire. She had her exactly where she wanted. She wouldn't let her get away. "Now, now, if you try to stop me with your Avatar powers, I'll just have to eat you up." Korra was willing to take that chance. She started to build up her powers inside of her. She was ready to fight back. As soon as she was about to strike, she felt a finger slide in between her legs and into a special place. Her attack, which had meant to get rid of this tomboyish princess for good, dissipated into nothing. Instead it was replaced with a moan. She couldn't believe herself. What was going on with her? Was she letting it happen? Or did she truly want it? It was hard to know.

Manaria was happy with what had transpired. "Remember I told you that I would do *whatever* I could to be with you." She paused. "I'm not here to take Asami from you. All I want is you, and *only* you." Korra wasn't sure how she felt about this. She still detested this entire situation. With the princess's finger inside of her, she couldn't think clearly and easily summon her Avatar powers. She was now at her mercy. She wasn't sure what to do. At that very moment, the princess pulled out her finger so fast it made Korra cry out. She held it in front of Korra's face, almost to show off. "You can resist me all you want, but your body *doesn't lie*. My finger wouldn't be so slick if you didn't feel something for me." This made the Avatar furious. She wouldn't be toyed around like this. She couldn't have feelings for Manaria, *right?* The princess came close to her as she continued thinking about what had just happened. She whispered into her ear.

"Just give in. You know you want to. I *know* you have feelings for me." Korra wanted to say no and she was prepared to do so. Suddenly, she felt her clothes being ripped off. She was completely naked. Where had her other clothes gone? She didn't like this. Not at all. She tried to cover up her body. The princess grinned, almost malevolently. "Oh, we will have such a good time together." She pushed aside Korra's hand from her chest, and then started sucking on her tit. The Avatar yelped. "Please stop. I don't want this. I..." She trailed off as the woman's fingers entered her altar of love, with moans taking over her voice as the woman's pace became faster and faster. The pleasure was taking over her body. All she could say was "No-yes-no-yes," a series of mixed messages. As Manaria's fingers went in so deep, she exclaimed, "Give it to me. It feels so good!" Why had she said that? She didn't mean it, *right*?

This only emboldened Manaria to be much more forceful. Before she knew it, her sweet love juices sprayed out and onto the floor. Korra was so embarrassed but also very vulnerable in this situation. She couldn't believe that she had done the dirty deed, as some call it, with her. "This is only the beginning, *my sweet Korra.* See you around next time!" Korra exclaimed, as she slid to the floor, "there will be no next time!" The next second she opened her eyes and was in her bed. Asami was at her side. None of that had happened. She had just imagined it, right? None of it was real. She got up quickly and went outside to train. Even if it was just a dream, she'd be better prepared next time.

Asami had been worried about Korra as of late. When she asked what was wrong, she claimed she was fine. She knew she wasn't. Something was going on. She wasn't connecting with her. Was it her? She didn't know what to do. She found herself in a place she vaguely remembered: it was the town where Korra had fought Manaria. So, this was a dream. She and Korra had agreed on that. As she walked around, she heard moaning which sounded familiar. She followed the sound and stood in front of the door of a small cottage. The door suddenly opened. Who she found on the floor was a shock. It was none other than Korra. She looked utterly exhausted. Then she saw that woman: *Manaria*.

She growled. What was this woman doing to her girlfriend *and why*? Manaria came close to her and shook her head. She pulled out a knife. Asami prepared herself but she had forgotten one important thing: that the princess could control all elements, allowing her to take the advantage. She trapped the rich girl in a tornado, with everything so foggy that she didn't notice a weapon slicing away her clothes. When Manaria let her down and the wind died away, her clothes fell right off her body. She felt like Korra had earlier: exposed and vulnerable. The princess cackled. "Who knew that a fiery girl like you would have *such a perfect pussy*," she cooed. Her words unnerved Asami.

"I'll never give into the likes of you," she began, "Because I'm so much better than a tomboy like *you*." Manaria wouldn't let this pass. She moved her knife around and brought it close to her skin. She wanted to tease her and subdue her at the same time. Asami was a little afraid she'd get cut by this woman. On the other hand, she wanted to be strong. She was confident she'd get through it. When Manaria lightly traced the knife across her skin, and applying pressure, Asami didn't dare move. She knew if she did, it might actually create small cuts in her skin. Somehow, she was starting to feel turned on although she wasn't completely sure why. The tomboyish princess laughed. "This is why I love you. So stoic, so serious, even in the face of danger." Asami wasn't sure what to think about this. Surely, this princess wasn't

caring to do this in a trustful way or engage in any negotiations. She was going forward intentionally instead.

Putting her in this state and heightening her fear had all been part of the plan, as she had conjured up a magic reproduction of Korra, even with a small straight-edge knife. She wanted to put Asami in the mood of making her feel more sensitive and intimidating her in a sense, preparing her to be the one who would provide stability, reassurance, and comfort, while building tension. She didn't want to make this woman bleed or mix what she was doing with binding her, at least for now. She also didn't want to trigger anything within her as a result. Now was the time to push her toward what she wanted. "Korra would *never* do this with you." Asami looked at her like she had a thousand heads. What in the world was she talking about? She didn't believe that for a second. She saw a grin on the princess's face with the corners of her lips curling up unevenly. She didn't like this. She could stop this once and for all. She would resist this vixen.

"What do you mean? That can't be true!" she shouted. Manaria shook her finger. She aimed to push her to the brink, just as she had done with Korra. She sensually placed her finger on Asami's lips. "Shh. Just give in to me. You know you want to." With few methods left to fight back, Asami would make sure she wouldn't do what this princess wanted. At the same time, she thought that if she gave in a little bit, that would give her some control. She saw it as one of the only things she could do in this situation. Before she could make up her mind, the princess twisted her head to the side, dropped the knife on the ground, and brought in her face within inches of her, capturing her in open-mouthed kiss. She pushed her tongue into her mouth and to her surprise Asami kissed her back. Manaria had gotten what she wanted, so she snaked her hand up Asami's legs, then moved it between her legs, which wavered and trembled.

She wanted to fight this and protest it with every bone in her body, but her hips were already rocking forward, toward the princess, who pushed her legs apart and toyed with her clit. Her breaths grow heavier, especially after Manaria thrust her fingers inside, with a mix of pain and gentleness. The princess finally released her mouth from a kiss and all Asami could do is moan. Manaria forced yet another finger inside of the woman who came to fight her and declared, again, "Korra would never do this for you. *You are not* the one she loves." Asami *refused* to believe that. She knew that Korra loved her deeply. Those thoughts faded after the princess scissored her fingers inside her special place. She could not think of anything else other more than pleasure in that moment. Manaria encourage her to keep going. "That's it. You are doing so good." Suddenly the rich girl's legs spasmed and she released.

Her sticky white liquid got everywhere. She couldn't believe she did this with this woman. The princess smiled. She had won this round at least. Asami did her best to calm down. She wanted to ease her shaking breaths and her beating heart. "You were such a good girl today. Next time, I don't want to do all the work," the princess said. Her smile was soft but not malicious. Asami's defiance returned with a fury. "There won't be a next time!" Manaria shook her head. She nearly laughed. "Your girlfriend said the same after I fucked her." She paused after seeing Asami's shocked expression. "Well, well, well...I guess she didn't tell you...what a partner she is." Seconds later, Asami woke up, finding Korra holding her tightly. All of that wasn't real, *right?* She couldn't accept that she would ever do that, even if she was only cheating on her in a dream. Unfortunately for her, and Korra, this was far from over...

Korra opened her eyes slowly. When her eyes fully opened, she quickly realized that something was off. She couldn't move her arms or legs. She was tied to one of the columns holding up the cottage. She could get out of this. She then came to another realization; she was gagged. She could hear a cackle from the other side of the room and footsteps. The woman's voice echoed. "You look so great bond and gagged, Miss Korra." There was a pause. The woman stepped closer. She could see her blonde hair now. It was none other than Manaria. "I know what you need," she began. She came in closer with, her breath hot on her face. "What do you really want...right now, missy?" Korra's voice was muffled through the gag. The princess couldn't hear it completely. She removed it for a second. Korra spit in her face, and hissed. "I want you to get me out of this right now!" the Avatar shouted. Such defiance would not be tolerated.

Manaria placed the gag back in Korra's mouth. She could have smashed her lips into hers. She could have forced her tongue inside to make her yield and surrender to her will. She could have kissed her furiously. Instead, she snaked her hand down the Avatar's clothes, and to her waist, making her breathe even heavier, preparing for the next move. Her fingers were at the ready. Korra couldn't say much more. Without the ability to push back, all she could do was either try to use her elemental powers or submit. She was seething. At the same time, she was on edge. As Manaria's fingers came ever closer, Korra couldn't take it anymore. Couldn't this woman just get on with it already? She hated anticipation.

At that very moment, Manaria happened to take off her gag, for one second. "Stop playing around, you vixen, and just give it to me!" she shouted. She regretted her words immediately after Manaria placed her ball gag back on. Why had she said that? She hadn't meant to! She... Her thoughts were overrode when the princess slid her fingers inside her. She was already so wet. She gasped and soon began to pant as the intensity increased from simple stroking to stronger thrusts in and out. Her hips moved and her body jolted. She couldn't believe the sensation, shaking as the princess touched her. She felt so alive. Manaria cooed her. "That's it, you are being *such a good girl*." The way the princess said that unnerved her to the core. Her love juices flowed out with such ferocity and intensity. But the princess didn't stop. She kept going until the panting from the Avatar turned into sighs, her legs relaxed, and she submitted to her will.

The pumping of Manaria's fingers slowed, then ceased, as her fingers withdrew. She wondered if Korra enjoyed the show. It certainly seemed she did. As Korra was now wrung out and exhausted, one thing was clear; she had laid herself bare for this princess. She held her fingers in front of the Avatar's face. They were gross and sticky. She wiped her fingers on Korra's face, as the woman stared back at her, with her light breaths going in and out. She breathed warily, as the ball gag was removed. She put up no resistance when the princess thrust her fingers inside her mouth, which remained gaping open, like she is okay with being treated this way. Manaria didn't continue this for long.

The princess has gotten what she wanted. Korra started to believe, for a second, that Manaria was, perhaps, an acceptable substitute for Asami. She then pushes that thought out of her mind. That can't be true, right? There's no way. It can't be right. The princess laughed once more. She aimed to keep smashing down this woman's boundaries in order to make Korra stay with her, time and again. One of the many ways was to convince her that she was doing

nothing wrong. This was all part of her strategy to get the Avatar to lower her defenses so she could fulfill her desires. She would do whatever she needed to do to make sure her wants were met, including in this instance.

"You wanted this missy. I was the one who tied you up, but *you started* this with what you did to me, your teasing, and turning me down." She then pointed to the white sticky liquid on the floor. "And your body wanted, no it needed this. And the body is never wrong." Korra wasn't entirely sure whether the princess was right, but she certainly had some valid points. She had teased Manaria after she had won. She had turned Manaria down, with help from Asami. But she never thought it would lead to this. She had conflicting thoughts about what was going on. Could she really blame herself for this? She wasn't sure. The princess's smile unnerved her. She was so deeply caught in her web.

Manaria had no plans to shower her with fits that were either unexpected, unwanted, extravagant, or elaborates. "Meeting you was what I always wanted to do, missy." Korra wasn't sure what she meant, as she loosened the bonds around her, which she had expertly tied, following some guidance for how to do it right. The princess continued. "I don't know if you are my soulmate or not, but you are certainly the one who will give me a happily ever after." Those words seemed even odder to Korra. She couldn't be serious. Was this woman jealous of what she had with Asami? Seemingly so. She came within inches of Korra's face, as the rest of the ropes fell to the floor.

"I want to know next time we meet if you'd choose me or choose that Asami...*you have to* choose one of us...That's how it is." Before she met her, this would be an easy decision. After their time together, the decision had become impossible. She almost felt guilty about leaving her behind. She shouldn't, but she did. She wasn't even sure if she should take this ultimatum seriously or not. What if Manaria became more demanding? Would this woman ever take no for an answer? Or would she become argumentative? She was starting to think that she would be wrong for saying no. Should she say just yes to make her happy? She didn't know.

Korra opened her eyes. Asami was at her side. That had all been a dream. She wouldn't have to deal with someone who liked her when she was alone, someone who would isolate her from her friends and family, someone who would probably get moody, angsty, or sad if she did something without them. This woman had undoubtedly coerced her into acting a certain way, in a subtle, yet concentrated manner. She wasn't necessarily comfortable with everything this woman did. At the same time, as she thought about it, the princess hadn't fully made her feel unsafe, at least not anymore. She overlooked the evident manipulation, or the fact that she felt off-balance and uneasy after her interactions. She wasn't telling Asami about any of this even as her girlfriend had been trying to support her the best she could. But the cracks were growing. They were about to be blown open in a big way.

A mist seemed to surround her and Asami. She wasn't sure what in the world was going on. When she looked up again, she found herself and her girlfriend tied up, and totally naked. Their wrists were tied to their ankles with ropes and chains made of ice. Their forearms were aligned with their shins, with a mix of various knots, each with a distinctive style. She stared over at her girlfriend, with a look of worry. She was just as concerned about her as she was herself. When everything clearer, she saw her. It was Manaria once again. She had them both

this time. They were at her mercy. "Oh, Miss Korra and Miss Asami, I'm going to make you choose which one of us to be with." She pulled their legs apart. The women protested. They wouldn't be treated this way. They wouldn't let her win. "You can't tell us what to do!" Korra shouted. Her girlfriend was glad to hear that. She had been worried about her recently and...

Her thoughts were cut off when the princess came close, cupping her cheek, and combing her fingers through her hair. Her breath was hot on her face. She looked up at the woman, only guessing what would happen next. The woman smiled, as she often did, and pressed her lips against her. Korra could do nothing to stop her. She wanted to separate them and stop them. She felt a finger teasing between her legs, almost implying this woman was going to enter it inside. The Avatar moved carefully, to avoid anything that could stop her. It was too late. The princess moved her head away from Asami and moved over to Korra, kissing her on the lips, while pulling her forward. She almost felt hungry in how she kissed her. Asami, although in a bit of a daze, was horrified to see this in front of her, especially when her girlfriend seemed to willingly choose this woman *over her.* She didn't know what to do with herself.

In what some call the "trauma bond," Korra's brain was getting used to how this princess treated her. She had almost become comfortable with it. She had begun to accept it. Asami wouldn't openly admit it, but it was the same for her as well. She couldn't get away from this woman, as much as she wanted to try. This woman would always get her way. And that destroyed each of them, internally. They were beginning to doubt if they should even be together at all, or if this woman was better for them instead. There were occasional threats of harm at the beginning, but more than that, there was manipulation, control, and other methods, to keep them submissive, mixed with displays of affection and calmness. As such, they had grown an attachment to her, despite everything, even though they weren't even fully sure if they liked Manaria or not. They were relying on her to love them, rather than fully loving themselves.

Pulling away from Korra, who was now in a daze, like Asami was prior, the princess prepared for her last act. "You will both be sluts when I'm through with you," she declared, then shoved her fingers inside of their special places at the same time. Their moans filled the room. They were in so much pleasure that neither one of them could think straight, as her fingers rapidly pumped inside each of their awaiting pussies. Their love juices spurted out onto the floor, with such force and vigor. They couldn't believe themselves. She had final card to play. She untied their ropes and pushed them onto one another. They guessed what she wanted them to do.

"Eat each other out, I demand you." They wanted to disobey her. She thought they might try. She took out her whip and threatened them. "If you don't do it, I'll whip your asses to kingdom come." They decided to comply. To have something that was so precious and so meaningful corrupted in this way made their hearts start to break. They lapped up warm juices from each other's precious places, while tears streamed down their cheeks. This was one of the worst things you could do to someone. Their cum exploded on each other's faces with a crescendo. Manaria grinned. "You have proven yourself as perfect sluts." She paused and snickered, just after they thought it was all over. "While you may have proven yourself, this was a test and you *both* failed. Now it is time for me to take my leave." They were shocked as they looked at her, the woman who had manipulated them for so long was discarding them like trash.

"Miss, you can't do this!" Korra shouted. The princess shook her head. Asami was desperate too. She had to put a stop to it. She cringed. "Take me! Spare my girlfriend. She's done *nothing* wrong." Those words deeply hurt Korra. She had done a lot wrong. She had not resisted as she could have and should have. Manaria smiled. "Fine, I'll spare her. And I'll take *you*." As this woman grabbed Asami's hand, she led her out of the cottage. Korra did her best to try and reach her. Manaria, as one who controlled all the elements, pushed Korra back, slamming her against the wall of her house. It was time to go back to the castle. As she did so, with such force, it caused the structure to collapse around her, putting a level of terror in her eyes. Had her girlfriend been killed? And did this woman murder her? Manaria cackled. "She'll be fine. As for you, you said that you'd come with me. You have to live up to your end of the bargain.

Asami didn't know what to say. "Miss, please, we have to go back..." Her words were cut off when, thanks to her control of all the elements, she caused Asami to fall asleep. She carried her through the city streets to her castle, ready to prepare a new life for her. Just as the princess had said, Korra was fine, but had been mortally wounded. She saw Manaria carrying her girlfriend away and she tried to summon her powers. "Stop! I won't let you get away!" As she did, she hovered in the air, although not for long, until she fell on the sidewalk with a thud, weakened. She limped over to a nearby alley and collapsed in a pile of garbage. She was so out of it, she couldn't think of anything else. She was blaming herself for what happened, thinking it was all her fault, and wondering if she'd ever see Asami again. She had one goal. She'd get back Asami from this woman, no matter what. Tears streamed down her face as she cried herself to sleep.

End Notes

I thought about it a lot and Manaria seems like the person who would engage in love bombing, which Cleveland Clinic calls a "form of psychological and emotional abuse [that] is often disguised as excessive flattery." That article was a big inspiration for how Manaria acted in this story in more ways than one, as were other articles like "The Hidden Danger of Love-Bombing in Relationships in Psychology Today (by Stephanie A. Sarkis). The same was the case for for articles like "Knife Play 101: A Beginner's Guide" by Ashrene Rathilal. I wouldn't say Manaria is fulfilling *every single step* of love bombing, but there's enough to have it as an inspiration. The position that Manaria places Korra and Asami in at one point in this story is the crab-tie position. I used the description from a helpful article by Stella Harris for Kinkly entitled "11 Bondage Sex Positions from Simple to Extreme!".

Although I didn't use it as an inspiration, a related article is by M. Christian, entitled "10 BDSM Myths You Probably Believe – Debunked." At the same time, I was planning to use an article on Kinkly about water bondage and another about impact play on Mashable, but I plan to possibly use those in other fics instead.

Other loose inspirations include my Korra/Manaria fics within an ongoing series entitled "Domination, Submission, and the Tomboyish Princess's Mansion" plus other smutty fics I've written in the past with emotional manipulation, like Shego the Hypnodomme and Kim's Submission, "I Want You Inside of Me," "Teetering at the End of the World?: Utena's Shock, Akio's Manipulation, and Anthy's 'Consent'" (sort of a femslash fic but also not), and parts 2 and 3 of my RPF series The Fierce Latina Domme Takes Charge, to give a few examples. In addition, this story fulfills the loose commitment I made in the ending A/N for "I Won't Let You Dominate Me!: Determined Korra, the Devious Tomboyish Princess, and Angry Asami" in which I said that "I hoped that my fic inspired other people to write other fics with Korra, Manaria, and Asami in the future" but the person it inspired was me, rather than any other user.

This fic originally posted on Sunset, a femslash fanfic site. However, it was removed when I was sadly perma-banned for mishandling interactions with a few users, despite apologizing to those users, removing certain passages of fics, and apologizing to the Sunset admin (and others). As such, I would strongly recommend **against** *anyone* joining that site, or Superlove. Both admins (Melo/Kat for Superlove, Agnes for Sunset) are friends with each other. Those admins are very particular and not in a good way. I find the whole circumstance deeply unfortunate. I wish it could have been resolved a much better way.

I did not want this fic to be lost. I have not included some tags I had on Sunset (like Sunset's Femslash Refresh 2026, Exclusive to Sunset, Prompt Fill, Against A Wall, Dominance/submission, and Dream Sex), but others have been retained. On Sunset, it was listed as part of two series: "My Femslash Refresh 2026 Collection" and "My Sunset Smutty Fic Collection."

Four of explicit fics by melo, entitled "want it all" (has underage sex and vaginal fingering), "frigid and spellbound" (has unhealthy relationships and toxic yuri), "look the hyena in the face that is her smile" (has explicit sex, possible dubious consent on lottie's part, animal

death/gore references, and more), and "hidden in the freezing point" (has age gaps and consensual drugging) were listed as inspirations in the original version of this fic. Those fics focus on characters from Kamen Rider Gavv (Liselle Želudac and Glotta Stomach), Winx Club (Bloom an Icy), and Yellowjackets (Lottie Matthews, Shauna Shipman, and Callie Sadecki). Due to what is stated above, I will *not* be listing them as inspirations.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!